

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS...DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. X.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1890.

No. 17.

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for Infants and Children.

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The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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Neatly communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the name may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVIDSON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meetings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by Col. W. Boscoe, Ushers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Granwick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville. Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Greenwald and Avonport services at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; at Horton on Friday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; other Sundays, 3 p. m.; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in each month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Water's Block, at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

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The undermentioned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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OLD PAPERS for sale at this Office.

POETRY.

The Loved and Lost.

The loved and lost, why do we call them lost, Because we miss them from our onward road? God's unseen angel, o'er our pathway crossed, Looked on us all, and loving them the most, Straightway relieved them from life's weary load. They are not lost; they are within the door, That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing, With angels bright, and loved ones gone before; In their Redeemer's presence evermore, And God himself, their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith; Let us look round some argument to borrow, Why we in patience should await the morrow, That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path. The thorns and thistles spring where'er we turn, What trials, and what tears, what wrongs and wraths, What struggles, and what strife, the journey hath; They have escaped from these, and so, we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done, Who, with his treasures, strove the shore to reach, While with the raging waves he battled on, Was it not joy, when every joy seemed gone, To see his loved ones landed on the beach.

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand, Her little child, had halted by the well, To wash from off his feet, the clinging sand. And tell the tired boy of that bright land, Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had, Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twin, Then pitying spoke, "Give me the little lad."

In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad, I'll bring him with me when I come again.

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong, Nay; but the woe I feel he too must share; Or rather bursting into grateful song, Go on her way rejoicing, and made strong.

To struggle on, since he was free from care. We will do likewise, death hath made no breach In love and sympathy, in hope and trust. No outward sound nor sigh our souls can reach, But there's an inward spiritual speech That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dumb.

It bids us do the work that they laid down, Take up the cross, where they broke off the crown; So journeying till we reach the heavenly town, Where are laid up our treasures and our crown.

And our lost loved ones will be found again.

SELECT STORY.

A Daughter of the Dunnet.

BY ALLISON BROOKS.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

So earnest and so closely concentrated in moral purpose was he, that he might have narrowly grazed the limit where the sublime passes over into the ridiculous, and have become the laughing-stock of the college, secretly or openly, had it not been for his quick, inborn sense of humor, his royal generosity and his frank, free-hearted camaraderie. These endowments kept his character well-balanced and made him a social favorite, although he always avoided the society of ladies, by whom he was, to his own annoyance, much sought after by reason of his personal and intellectual distinction.

It was generally accepted among all his friends that in this particular he was incorrigible, and they learned to let him have his way.

Thus it came about that they said to one another, when it was feared that he had "buried himself" in the little parish of Broad Bar—

"Just like him! He can sacrifice himself, soul and body, to those few, miserable fishermen, and he can get out of the way of society women."

Such was the pastor of Broad Bar—young, pure of heart and purpose, almost ascetic in his habits strong in his

convictions and theories, untried in his life—such we find him on this day of September, in the year of grace, 1872. He was interrupted in his reverie, for his book was almost forgotten in the thoughts to which it had led him, when a knock came at his study door. Upon his summons to "come in," the housekeeper opened it and said—

"Please sir, Mr. Craig, Ray Genell is here, and she's come over the dune to see you, sir. I tell her I know you were at your books, but—"

"Tell her to come, Hannah. I shall be glad to see her."

"And good for you, sir, for she's grievin' that had for the child that if ever a poor girl needed a word of comfort"—and, without waiting to finish the sentence, Hannah departed.

A moment later Rachel entered the study. Her dress, as before, was of black, her face was deadly white, with compressed lips and eyelids. She moved without haste, her languid steps in sharp contrast to her former alertness; but this very slowness of movement gave her a new stateliness.

Robert Craig stood by his table, his features softened by sympathy. He held out his hand in his kindly greeting, and gave his guest the one easy-chair which his study offered. Rachel took it quietly as she had taken his hand, manifesting no emotion and yet conveying in every subtle line of face and figure a heart-breaking grief, too great to find words.

A week before, Robert Craig had stood with her beside a little grave. For the little baby died, as many of the babies in Broad Bar died that year. It had been a sickly summer and the young pastor had learned one phase of life which he had known little before, that is, life touched by death.

Very pitifully and tenderly he talked with Rachel of her loss; her lonely home; her child whom God had taken. Some comfort came to the poor girl from his words, and she took courage by-and-by to make known why she had come.

"I must do something," she said; "I cannot hide alone in the house yonder. I fear, too, I shall grieve all my mind away; I have been thinking"—here she hesitated, and a faint flush rose in her cheeks, "that, if it were not too bold for one like me, I would like to try and get to teach the school here in Broad Bar, this winter."

"That's a good thought, Rachel," returned the young clergyman cordially rejoicing to find that she had courage left to look forward and interest herself in her own future. "It is just the thing for you to do, and I will speak to the men in the village who have care over the school, and I think you can have the chance."

"But, Mr. Craig," replied Rachel, raising her clear, gray, sorrowful eyes to his face, "it can never be till I get more of books into my own head. I've forgot the little ciphering I know when I went to school, and I can't— I don't know"—here she broke down entirely, her cheeks flushed, her eyes again downcast, her strong, shapely fingers unconsciously plaiting and replaiting a fold of dress upon her knee.

She looked so young, so childlike, even through the strong grief of her motherhood as she sat thus before him in her humility, that Robert felt his whole heart go out to her in a great yearning and pity, such as he had never felt before.

For a moment, instead of speaking he took up a glass paper-weight from the table and dropped it from one hand to the other abstractedly. A tinge of color had risen to his own cheek, brought by a sudden thought.

"You can write, Rachel?" he asked then, very gently.

She raised her eyes, looking steadily at him, as she answered—

"A little, but not well."

"Do you have time to read much at home?"

"There's time enough, but no books. I get a paper now and then, and I go back my father in my Bible, more now since my body is not with me to care for," and her voice broke a little.

The parson took up a small book, opened it at random, and handed it to her, pointing to a place on the page.

"Will you read a verse or two, Rachel—that is, if it pleases you to do it?"

She read, her voice trembling at first, and in the monotonous half-broken cadence of a child, the lines—

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide: The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide; When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, Lord, abide with me!

"Thank you; that was good. Now, Rachel, I have something to propose. It will not do for you to take the school, as you have said yourself, without reviewing your studies and working hard to prepare yourself; but I believe you are willing to work hard and study that you may teach honestly by and-by. Well, then, I will teach you for an hour every day if you will come here to the manse; and you must read and work upon the books I lend you, and in two months from now I am quite confident that you will be fitted to teach the village school. I will see that you get it if you are as good and faithful a scholar as I expect you to be. After you begin teaching we can keep on with the lessons in the hour after school, if it seems best."

With grave simplicity, Rachel thanked him for this offer; her only fear, she said, was that she would not have money to pay for her lessons until she got her wages for teaching.

She had risen to go. The young parson stood looking upon her with something very like moisture in his eyes.

"May I not do a little thing like that for my Master's name?"

Rachel bowed her head in silence. A moment later she passed down the garden walk between the box borders, a solitary figure going a lonely way, yet queenly in her simple dress and unconscious beauty, or so thought the man who watched her from a window.

CHAPTER III.

A LESSON AT THE MANSE.

Early in the following winter, on a certain cold, clear afternoon, Rachel might have been seen emerging from the little village schoolhouse, hooded and cloaked, and surrounded by a crowd of children who danced attendance upon every step she took. Having locked the door and given the books she was carrying to a boy who instantly became the proudest boy in Broad Bar, she took a hand of each of the two tiniest scholars, hardly better than babes—sturdy little shapes—and passed down the little street leading away from the harbor. The old freedom had come back to Rachel's step and bearing; something more than Wordsworth's "Steps of Virgin Liberty," even. There was new purpose in them, new life, too; new spirit was in her face; it wore the look of an awakened soul.

Passing beyond the clustered houses of the village where the children left her, one after another scattering to their homes, Rachel pursued her way to the manse. Only the boy who carried her books would not leave her, until at the gate she took the books from his reluctant hands with a smile which sent him leaping homeward, well satisfied.

She entered the manse without knocking; she threw off her wrappings in the hall and knocked at the study door.

Robert Craig's voice bade her enter. He was writing at his table, and having motioned to her to take a seat, went on, his head bent over his work.

Presently he laid it aside and said—

"Have you brought your books?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then open, please, to the 'Skeleton in Armor,' and begin reading."

Rachel did as he bade her, with honest effort to do her best. It was a great advance upon her reading of three months before, but it did not seem to please her teacher altogether.

There was something unusual in his mood; he watched her as she read, furtively, under brows knit with displeasure or perplexity. It was an expression new to his face.

He had always thought her a fair woman to look upon; he had known that she was not like Eliza or Anne or the other fishermen's wives and daughters; but to-day her beauty started him. It was not that the quick walk through the frosty weather had brought a brilliant color to lip and cheek; not

that stray locks of dull gold fell upon her forehead and gleamed upon her neck in a way to catch the eye and set a man's wits to wandering; not that he noted for the first time the warm, white column of her throat, or the wonderful curves of the shoulders.

It was not any of these alone, nor all of these together which moved the clergyman so strangely that day. It was the revelation which then and there flashed upon him, although he had felt it dimly before, of the aroused intellect, the awakened spirit, the illumined soul of the woman as it shone in her face. It was this, and something more than this.

Rachel read on to the end and laid the book down, looking up for a word of approval. It did not come. Without speaking Robert took from a drawer a folded sheet of paper covered with writing and thickly dotted with corrections in red ink.

"Please bring your chair up to the table," he said, almost coldly, "and let me point out one or two of the mistakes you have made in this," and he touched the paper half impatiently with his pencil.

Vaguely disappointed, she took the chair beside him, and with her elbow on the table and her cheek resting in her hand, looked half despairingly at her mutilated essay. It was entitled "Woman's Work."

"One thing I want to speak of, Rachel," he began, "although it has nothing to do with your style of writing, which is improving somewhat. It is just here. You may remember writing this sentiment, which, it occurs to me, I have heard somewhere before, that 'Woman's place is in the home.' Now, do you really think so?"

"Yes, sir," replied Rachel, with sufficient meekness.

"You really are honest in saying this?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet the first time I ever saw you, you were in a boat rowing out to the Bar after a storm, with the men to save the crew of a schooner. And not only that, but you have repeated this action over and over again, down to this last storm, every time at the risk of your life. Have you a right to do this, Rachel?" As he spoke the young man's eyes rested searchingly, almost sternly upon her face.

"The color fled swiftly from it."

"I have the right," she answered simply.

"How have you?"

"My life is worth very little. I am not needed by any one; if I can save other lives it is worth the risk."

"But suppose your life is worth very much to some one," the hand which rested upon the offending manuscript shook as he spoke, "would you have the right to put it in peril then?"

"But it is not."

"Will you answer me, please?"

The girl's lip quivered; there was a sob in her breath as she answered—

"I am alone in the world, Mr. Craig; you know I am. Does it please you to have me say so? If any one cared for me I should do—I should want to do as I ought. I have not meant to do wrong."

He had risen now, and was standing before her looking down into her face with eyes full of a fire which frightened her when she looked up to meet it.

"Rachel," he said, speaking slowly, as if holding himself in control with all his strength. "I am a man and you are a woman, the only woman on earth for me. I love you; can you care for me enough to care for your own life?"

"I do not understand," she murmured.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

The Lover's Lament.

Your face is like the drooping flower, Sweetheart! I see you falling, hour by hour, Sweetheart!

Your rounded outlines waste away, In vain I weep, in vain I pray, What power Death's cruel hand can stay!

Sweetheart, Sweetheart!

Why nothing, but Dr. Pierce's favorite Prescription. It imparts strength to the failing system, cures organic troubles, and for debilitated and feeble women generally, is unequalled. It dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both flesh and strength. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

or Money Refunded.

And INDIGESTION.

or Money Refunded.

or Money Refunded.

or Money Refunded.

or Money Refunded.

or Money Refunded.

"Now, sir," began the attorney for the defence, knitting his brows and preparing to annihilate the witness whom he was about to cross-examine, "you say your name is Williams. Can you prove that to be your real name? Is there anybody in the court who can swear that you haven't assumed it for purposes of fraud and deceit?" I think you can identify me yourself," answered the witness. "I? Where did I ever see you before, my friend?"

"I put that swear over your right eye twenty-five years ago, when you were stealing peaches out of father's orchard. I'm the same Williams."

You can't expect to have your poultry pay unless you give them comfortable winter quarters. Have a well built house, facing southeast, with enough glass so that it will be well lighted. Good ventilation without a draft should be provided.

Cough-Cures

Are abundant; but the one best known for its extraordinary anodyne and expectorant qualities is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For nearly half a century this preparation has been in greater demand than any other remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and pulmonary complaints in general.

I suffered for more than eight months from a severe cough accompanied with hemorrhage of the lungs and the expectoration of matter. The physicians gave me up, but my druggist prevailed on me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and soon began to improve; my lungs healed, the cough ceased, and I became stouter and healthier than I have ever been before. I would suggest that the name of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral be changed to Elixir of Life, for it certainly saved my life."

—F. J. Golden, Salto, Buenos Ayres.

A few years ago I took a very bad cold, which settled on my lungs. I had night sweats, a racking cough, and great soreness. My doctor's medicine did me no good. I tried many remedies, but received no benefit; everybody despaired of my recovery. I was advised to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, as a last resort, did so. From the first dose I obtained relief, and, after using two bottles of it, was completely restored to health.—F. Adams, New Orleans, N. J.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$6.

Building Lots!

Parties wishing to secure desirable building lots in Wolfville cannot fail being suited in the block of land adjoining the Presbyterian church, which has recently been laid out into good-sized lots and will be sold at reasonable rates. The situation is a most desirable one and the land is of an excellent quality. Information concerning the same may be had and plan of lots seen, on application to

B. O. DAVIDSON, AGENT, WOLFVILLE N. S.

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